

# STORY OF MY LIFE

Its Dark and Bright Side

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ANDREW J. DOLBOW, Evangelist.

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WRITTEN FROM DICTATION

BY

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## CHAPTER I.

### Introduction

By Rev. G. W. Ridout

Brother A. J. Dolbow has been described by Dr. Keen "as a kind of Billy Bray saved from the depths of sin, uneducated, having mother wit, much natural ability and eloquence. He belongs in that class of anomalous religious characters and agents with Father Taylor, Peter Cartwright, George Maley, Billy Bray and others. His shout is a whoop. He often leaps when praising the Lord, but when he gives testimony or prays, all feel that he is a man of God and wonderfully saved."

Thousands throughout the land can testify that Dr. Keen's description is a correct one. Who has not heard words of astonishing wit and wisdom and witnessed a genius for doing the work of God effectively in this man, picked up by the grace of God out of the gutter and since made by the same grace to ride in high places?

Brother Dolbow is, first, a conspicuous sample of converting and sanctifying power. To hear him talk you are convinced in a moment that this man has of a truth passed from death unto life and experienced the fullness of a wondrous salvation. His testimony is never "pumped up," but the outgushing of soul that, like the artesian well, from "internal pressure flows spontaneously like a fountain."

Then Brother Dolbow is a living, telling example of what God can make out of a sinner saved by grace.

He is one of the Lord's "diamonds in the rough," and the finest epistle on two feet that could go in and out our churches and among the people. Some of the Lord's mightiest workers have been the "nothings" of this world. A common thinker is chosen by God to write the greatest Christian book next to the Bible—"The Pilgrim's Progress." A rough-and-ready farmer, Benjamin Abbott, after being converted and sanctified, goes through Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland like a flaming torch, setting fire to the Church of God wherever he touched, and converting thousands to Christ. A poor, humble, stammering-tongued blacksmith becomes so excited over the state of the church and the impenitent that he shuts up shop and gets a hold on God, prevails, brings the

power down and starts a revival such as was never known in that section of country before.

This is the class to which our friend Andy belongs. He is one of God's "peculiar" children. Let him alone! He is doing a work in the churches and among sinful men, which a whole regiment of college-bred, highly cultured, professional ministers would not do between now and the judgment.

Brother Dolbow has labored constantly in the evangelical field for some ten years. His labors have extended into the states of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, New England, and everywhere he has gone some fire has fallen, and in some places wonderful revivals have ensued. His work in New Jersey has been signally blessed of God. Pennsville, in Salem County, will never forget the revival of 1896 there, when some 150 and more souls were saved. Bridgeport has cause to rejoice in the blessed meeting there. Columbus, in 1899, where no revival had been known to have taken place for forty years, was, through his instrumentality, shaken and taken by the heavenly powers, some 100 having found Christ there.

Brother Dolbow as an evangelist stands alone. You cannot compare him with others. He is not one of a type. He is likely to knock

all your notions of how to run a revival into nothing and conduct his meetings by methods unknown to both devils and men. What he is going to do next, nobody knows; probably not he himself. God helps him to so manage circumstances and difficulties and hard places and cases as to get ahead of the devil every time.

As to reputation, he met a man who told him if he got a revival up at a certain place he would get his name up. His reply was that his name "was already up." He tells the people who criticise "that they can help themselves on him, because, while they talk about him, they are giving their neighbors a rest." His best explanation of himself is given in his inimitably sung song:

"I'm a hallelujah Christian,  
From the wilderness I came."

To hear him sing that in Conference Love-feast before a thousand or more people, as some of us have heard him sing it, is a spiritual treat of no mean order. Rev. John Thomas said to me once he "liked to have Andy around." He certainly is the finest one to have around when the meeting needs a "boost." There is yet to be found the person who went to sleep whilst Andy was on deck.

His preaching defies every law of homiletics. He knows no law here save the law



of God. But what he says strikes. In speaking on the poverty of Christians he describes some as being so poor and lean and thin that "there's no danger of people catching religion off them." He gets his sermons, he says, "on the wing, like the big Pennsylvania engines on the main line, who scoop up water while they run."

Brother Dolbow belongs to nobody save the Lord. You couldn't pay him to depart from the old beaten track of apostles, prophets, martyrs. His affinities are with God's holy people on earth and in heaven, and whilst he lasts he is likely to be known in church and camp meeting and convention and conference as the "irrepressible," "incomparable" Billy Bray of American Methodism, and when God takes him home he is likely to go up with a shout.

God bless him and use him to his own glory for many years to come.

## CHAPTER II.

## "THE DARK SIDE OF MY LIFE."

I was born in the village of Perkintown, Salem county, New Jersey, on the 30th day of May, 1846. When I was one year old my parents removed to Wilmington, Delaware. My father and mother were people of humble circumstances. My father being a waterman and addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, spent much of his time away from home, and his money for that which has proved the curse of so many homes. This put the responsibility of the government of the children, of which at this time there were four, I being the youngest, and the expense of their maintenance, upon my mother. In order to meet the latter my mother became a huckster in the city market. As best she could she attended to the customers that came to her stall, and nursed me in the intervening moments of the day, while I spent the time she was waiting on her customers, in a basket under the stall.



For five long, weary months my mother thus worked by day and nursed me and cared for the other children, until in her desperation she uttered this prayer for me: "O Lord, if this precious babe is to live, and if he can be made to be an honorable man, and a blessing to himself, to his parents, to society, and to the world, may the tide of his health be turned now, and may he be spared; but if his life is to be one of disgrace to himself and his parents, or if he is not to live, then may he die now." Up to this time, from my birth my life seemed to hang in a balance; but now, in answer to the prayer of this burdened and over-worked mother, there seemed to come new life into the blood which flowed in my veins until I became a strong, healthy boy; indeed, the strongest of the entire family of seven children, three older than myself and three younger. It was doubtless this fact which led to the decision that I must leave home when less than seven years of age, in order to gain a livelihood for myself and thus give relief to my over-worked mother.

The time came for me to go. I shall never forget it. My home was not what other homes were; but it was the dearest spot on earth to me. The ties which bound me to my kindred may not have meant to me what they meant to others, reared differently and upon

whom more care was bestowed; but my mother was my best friend on earth, and my brothers and sisters were the playmates of my youth and the dearest on earth to me.

I can see my mother now wrapping my clothes in a bundle. It did not take a trunk to hold them. My father's money had gone to the rumseller's till, and from there to buy clothes for his children. It might take more than one trunk to hold them, while I had clothes only enough to scantily cover my body and to make a small bundle besides. Out from this home, robbed of that which rightfully belonged to me, went my mother, leading her boy to be placed in the hands of strangers. To the steamboat wharf we go, where waits the boat that is to take me away to another home. As she kissed me good-bye there came tears from her eyes, and down her cheeks they found their way, and from her lips there came a sob, the echo of which I can almost hear now, which told me of the anguish felt by my mother at the parting. The boat starts and the mother turns to her home, while the boy, with strangers for companions, is borne away.

For a little over a year I made my home with George Barnet, near Pennsgrove, Salem county, New Jersey, when Mrs. Barnet died and the home was broken up. From here I was sent to another family without

the consent of my parents, or without any knowledge being had by them of my whereabouts. At this place I did not receive the kindest of treatment. At an age when I needed careful training I received it not. Instead of being trained up I was clubbed up. Not a day's schooling, without restraint that ought to have been exercised, the inborn trend towards evil began to be strengthened by force of habit. The contents of the rum jug, with which I was sent to the rumseller to have filled, were sampled by myself.

It was at this point that I began to be conscious of the presence of the serpent of the still within me. That awful appetite, inherited from my father, and which in after years became my master, needed but the taste of the liquor in that jug to awaken it to activity. To meet its demands I drank liquor as soon as I could get it in my possession, either by fair means or foul.

To the use of tobacco I also became addicted, at this early age of twelve years.

Soon after this I paid a visit to my home and from there I entered the same calling as that followed by my father. I shipped as cabin boy on a boat engaged in the oyster trade in the Delaware bay. In this work I was thrown in contact with wicked men and boys, whose companionship I found to be congenial, and whose manner of life and hab-

its were calculated to strengthen evil desires and to confirm me in my habits of wrong. With people for companions that feared neither God nor man, I went deeper and deeper into sin. The demon within with each succeeding day seemed to be exercising increasing power, demanding service which I endeavored to give by yielding to the demands of my passions and appetites.

Restless with the restraints of this life on the water, my evil desires sought a wider field. I turned to the shore again, living in several different places, a short time only in each place, seeking all the time the companionship and fellowship of those with like desires with myself for that which was evil.

At the age of fourteen years I found myself employed on what was then and is still known as the "Sharp farm," Brandywine Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware. From here I went to live on the "Price farm," near Brandywine village. It was here that I found companions qualified to instruct me in the dark ways of sin. Thieves, gamblers, cut throats, ballet dancers, infidels, unbelievers, atheists, men and women of the darkest type and of character so black that as I review them and their doings now, their blackness would seem to cast a shadow over the blackness of the blackest conception that I have of the blackest hell.

With the taint of sin within me, had by all the race, as a result of the fall, and this encouraged, and in its force strengthened by an inherited appetite for strong drink, and with passions born in me transmitted from those who had lived before me; with this class of people for companions and to lead me on, do you, my reader, wonder that I, a young man at the age of seventeen years, had gone in sin far beyond most of those of my age?

Was there a drunken brawl on hand? I was sent for by those older than myself, because of my natural affinity for that which was to constitute an essential part of the exercise—whiskey. Was there a dance on hand? Most of those taking part might be older than myself, but none more welcome than Dolbow, the jig dancer. Was there a sparring match, running, tumbling or other match, requiring athletic skill and nimbleness? I was sure to receive a special invitation; and as sure to accept; and reasonably as sure of bearing away with me the so-called honors of the occasion.

In the spring of 1864, and when less than eighteen years of age, I enlisted as a volunteer in the Civil War, in the Eighth Delaware Regiment, Company C, Fifth Corps, and Second Division, under the command of Lieutenant Myers. The army life presented opportunities not only for me to learn of evil, but



to teach others the evil which I knew. For while I found myself to be among the youngest of the soldiery, yet in knowledge of evil and adeptness in the practice of the same I was among the most mature.

At the battle of Five Forks, Virginia, I was shot. From the battle-field, in an unconscious state, I was carried to the division hospital at City Point, Virginia. On regaining consciousness I found myself surrounded with the wounded and the dying, and thought that I also must surely die. In a few days, however, I had gained sufficient strength so that I was removed to Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C. During my stay here General Lee surrendered to General Grant, and the war was at an end, consequently I received an honorable discharge and returned to my mother's home in Wilmington, Delaware, at which place I did not arrive until I had a protracted dishonorable debauch, during which I spent the last cent of the one hundred and thirty dollars received at the time I was discharged, and arrived home without a penny.

Following this, for two years, I pursued my evil way, until my health was broken and my mind was shattered. From place to place I wandered, physically and mentally a wreck; young in years, not yet twenty-one, old in crime, with my body and mind



giving evidence of advanced age. Oh, the blackness of that awful night in which I found myself in the spring of 1867. It seemed as if the powers of hell had taken hold of me with increased force.

Thus I drifted on, I know not how many days, until all at once there came into my mind as a flash of light from Heaven, a desire to lead a better life. Whence it came, then, I know not. By what agency it was carried to me, so far as human means were concerned, I do not now remember, but it came. So far as I can recollect, it was the first thought I ever had of a desire for a better life. I may have had a desire to be good before I became bad in my acts. But from the time I can remember, there never had entered my mind a desire for anything but for that which was bad. So thoroughly depraved was I by nature and set towards evil by hereditary taint, and so dense had become this cloud of evil by my own acts contributing to help make it so, that so far as I can recall, not a single gleam of light had ever broken through the cloud.

Not within my recollection, up to this time, had there ever been a person that had suggested to me the possibility of a better life. Not once, so far as I know, had any one told me of God, Christ, Hope or Heaven. No, not even my mother. Do you wonder at

this? Do you wonder that my mother or some other did not, at some time, come to me in my wanderings and tell me of deliverance from my evil ways?

My mother! My mother! how she loved me. But burdened and careworn, her life was crushed, and during the few years I was away from her in my childhood, so hardened did I become, so warped and crooked and confirmed in sin, that I do not wonder that her timid soul shrank from me.

Let those who would blame her now remember that they do not know me as I was then. Why had not others spoken to me? As I look back to those days I do not wonder, for so thoroughly given up to badness was I for years, that I had scarcely come in contact with a single good person, and if, perchance, one passed me by and looked toward me, he could scarcely believe that

“Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings were buried that grace could restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken would vibrate once  
more.”

But while then I knew not whence came the thought of a better life, now I know it was of God. The desire did not bring relief. It was for a season as a stream of light in the

darkness. The latter seemed to be more dense. I never knew with what force the drink habit had taken hold of me until I began to think of turning away from it. I never knew how rapid flowed the current of evil in my life until I began to think of stemming the tide.

The thought, however, was followed by a resolution. It was to be a man, and as other people. I began to look for agencies to help me. I felt the need of a home and said, "A wife is what I need." I polished the exterior as best I could, to do away with the traces of my former life, and sought and found a wife in the person of Mrs. Maggie Miller. We were married on the second day of December, 1867. So effectually did I cover my past and disguise my true character, that at the time no thought entered her mind that she had married a drunkard, and even worse than that. The revelation, however, soon came. On Christmas day following my marriage, and in less than four weeks from the same, I turned again to my cups and in a beastly state of intoxication, returned to the wife and home which I had said I needed to help me.

From this time on for five years I went even from the bad that I had been to the worse that I had never known. Not only did I learn that the wife and the home for

which I craved as a means of keeping me from evil were not sufficient, but I took them to share in the degradation which came to me.

During those years my wife, deceived as she had been, clung to me, and though her lot was to suffer deprivation and abuse, yet she was faithful and true. As best she could, in my sober moments, what few there were, she would strive to encourage me to a better life. But of no avail were her efforts. For five years I was almost continuously under the influence of strong drink and at almost every pay day, once a month, and not infrequently between these times, did I become beastly drunk. At these periods I was a terror to all with whom I came in contact. The demon rum seemed to touch the spring of evil within me and all the demons of hell seemed to have their headquarters within; from which they would go forth through my acts to accomplish their designs.

During most of this time I was employed by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R., as fireman in the yard, now known as the position of hostler, preparing the engines in the roundhouse for their run the next day, and, at a salary of from fifty to sixty dollars per month, only a small part of which went to my family, the largest part being spent for rum. Several times was I sus-

pended for drunkenness and as frequently was I reinstated again, until at last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and after a protracted debauch I was discharged. Frenzied with the power of the demon, I had gone from bad to worse to depths I had never been. Down, down to the very threshold of hell itself, until I was taken one day from a drunken fight, to my home, more dead than alive. Here I remained for a week hovering between life and death. On recovering sufficiently I went to the shop for work, but was told by the foreman that I was not wanted, that I had been drunk again and again and frequently warned, and it did no good, and now they were not going to tolerate it any longer. In my desperation I felt as if I was lost, with no hope. I wondered from place to place in awful agony until night, when I returned to my home and told my wife the next morning that I had lost my position. Now a fresh sorrow was added. She informed me that she had done what she could to hold me up, but now she was going to discard me as a hopeless case.

I went forth a wanderer, a drunkard, a vagabond, to go I scarcely knew where. At last I found myself at the shop where I had been employed. The foreman met me, and, to my surprise, said, "Andy, we have decided to try you again." Why they came to



this conclusion then I did not know. In after years I learned that James Morgan, then and still an engineer on the road, during the night, on hearing of my discharge, had said to the master mechanic: "I think there is something better for Andy. If you will try him again I will go his security." As I review those days now I can see that while then I thought there was no one who cared for me, yet in the persons of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Asy Denial, the foreman of the shop, and in others I had friends who were more interested in me than I was interested in myself.

On that morning in February, 1873, I reached the lowest round of the ladder, in my descent towards hell. Here I stood in the blackest part of the cloud which hung over the period known with me as the dark side of my life. In that round-house on that morning I stood a vagabond drunkard, with no home, wife driven from me, and, as I thought, with no friends. Here I stood waiting to take the next step, little caring if that should take me to the darkest of eternal death.

Here I close part of the story of my life known as "The Dark Side." Before passing to part second, "The Bright Side," I would remind the reader that the review given in part first has not been to me a pleasure. It



is not and has never been to me a delightful exercise to dwell upon the wrong that I did towards God, towards myself, and others.

Would that I could forget it. Would that I could undo the wrong that I did to others. Would that I could be clear of the effects of the wrong which I did to myself, which are and will continue to be a harvest-reaping from the seed sown, but I can not. In the cells of my memory is the thought in harmony with fact: "I wronged God by my sinful life." Others whom I wronged have gone into the beyond from which I can not call them to make right the wrong done. Others there are, still living, carrying upon their brows furrows of care that I would gladly smooth away if I could. Upon my own body and mind are ineffaceably stamped the effects of my evil life, which I shall not lose to the day of my death. These things being true, I look about me, in the present, and out into the future, I think that it is possibly, and probably true, that there are hundreds and thousands situated as I was; out into life they have gone, and down the same as I went. To them I speak in the recital of the dark side of my life, with a desire only to magnify the grace of God. The dark side is not the only side of my life. If it had been, never would I have written it, for then would I have discouraged and disheartened the many

whose lives in their darkness are portrayed in the darkness of my own. There is a bright side, and may the light of its rays be the more plainly seen by a contrast with the shadows through which the reader has been brought in Part I.

## CHAPTER III.

## "THE BRIGHT SIDE OF MY LIFE."

The words spoken by that kind-hearted foreman that morning were full of music to me. At once I turned to my work, when with a suddenness that startled me, there seemed to reach me a voice which said, "Stop where you are; you have gone far enough." As if speaking to some one who had spoken to me, I said, "What is it? Who is this speaking to me?" No one was near me or in sight of me, so far as I could see. No answer came to my questions except that which came in my thought and escaped from my own lips, prompted by a power higher than myself, "This is a call from the Lord," and I said, "I am going to get religion." Who God was and what religion was, if any one had asked me I could not have told. I only knew that I was in a place from which if I was ever rescued, it must be by a stronger power than any of earth. One time I thought a wife and home would help me, but now I

knew there was something more than this that was needed.

How I went through that day I hardly know. When night came I started for what had once been my home, and from which I had gone that morning feeling that wife having turned from me I had no home. That night on my way from work I did not stop at the saloon, as had been my custom. I went straight home and threw myself upon the door step, and, pushing open the door, I said, in the midst of sobs and tears, "Maggie, I have made up my mind to get religion." She answered, "You get religion? You never would keep religion and go with the companions that you go with." I said, "I am going to see if I can get it, and then will consider the matter of keeping it." What it was that I needed and what I really meant I could not tell. I was ignorant in the extreme, but I had resolved that there was somewhere a power that could help me, and I wanted it.

Another thought came: "The church was the place to seek it." I had not been inside a church for years, but now I wanted to go to church. I said to my wife, "Will you take me to church?" She assured me that she would if I would go. That very night we attended revival meetings being held in Asbury Church, corner Third and Walnut

Streets, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Enoch Stubbs. What the preacher said that night I do not remember; I only know that when he gave the invitation for those who felt their need of Christ to come and seek him, I went forward and knelt at the altar. How to pray I did not know. I had never, within my recollection, tried to pray. The meeting closed, and on the way home that night it seemed as if all the forces of the eternal pit were at work in and about me.

The morning came and I went to my work. It was an awful day. Every fibre of my being seemed to be on fire. It was a long day to me, but night came and to my home I went without drink, and to the church, and again as a seeker I went to the altar of prayer. The meeting closed and still no relief. The most of the next day was spent in prayer the best I know how. Night came, and again for the third time I went to my home without drink. This time I carried with me the money received for work I had done at the shop during that month. I took the money home, and for the first time in my life handed to my wife the earnings of the month. That this act of mine was a surprise to her was quite clear. It was an evidence of my sincerity in trying to break away from my former life. I then did towards her what she had been compelled to

do towards me under our "old life," viz., "solicit a little cash." Then she did towards me what I had done hundreds of times towards her, viz., asked me this question: "What are you going to do with the cash?" I answered, "I owe a rum bill and I want to go pay it." She said, "If you go to that saloon you will be drunk before you get out." Censure that woman if you will for her lack of confidence, but remember what I had been to her. At last, with some reluctance, she gave me the money and I started for the saloon. When I arrived and entered the door the fumes of the liquor reached me, and it seemed to me as if at one moment every breath that I drew laden with the fumes of that liquor was extra fuel added to the fire that was raging within me. As I entered the saloon the man behind the bar said, "Hello, Andy, where have you been the last few days; you have not been around?" I answered, "I am now trying to lead a better life; will you tell me how much I owe you?" He stated to me the amount, and I paid the bill.

That was the last cent of money I ever spent for rum, but quickly the fellow put upon the bar a bottle with whiskey and glass, and said, "Take a drink." That moment was to me a crisis. The old appetite within me sprang at once into activity; my very tongue



reached for the taste of the contents of that bottle. I looked at the man, the bottle and at myself. Quick as a flash there came before me a review of what this thing had done for me, and then, with all the emphasis that I could give the word, I said, "No, sir! Rum has been my curse; it has blasted my life and well nigh sent me to hell. I am never going to take another drink of liquor as long as I live." No sooner had I uttered the words than there seemed to come to me a consciousness of strength. Already I began to find within me possibilities that would lead me to manhood.

As I uttered the words the bartender looked at me, and to my surprise, he said: "Andy, I glory in your spunk." I turned from that saloon that night never to visit it or any other one, in order to seek the fellowship of those who frequent such places. From the saloon I went home, and the fact that I came without the fumes of liquor on my breath convinced my wife that I was dead earnest in my efforts to be saved. To the church we went that night and again listened to the invitation to seek the Lord. What a struggle was that which went on within me that night. As I have reviewed it since that time, it has seemed to me that the devil must have known that if I went to that altar again I would be saved, and his power

over me would be broken. I felt as if I was fastened to the seat on which I was sitting. I endeavored to rise, but it seemed as if my body was too heavy for my limbs to bear. At last I mustered strength, and with all the energy at my command I started for the altar, but verily it seemed as if the bench was coming after me.

Again I prayed and cried and struggled in awful agony of body and soul. My tongue and throat seemed parched, my very vitals seemed to be burning up. I seemed in my soul to be on the verge of the bottomless pit. Outside and away from all help. I was lost to everything and everybody. The meeting closed, and most of those who were there had gone home, but still I remained at the altar. There stood by me three men, Rev. Enoch Stubbs, the pastor of the church, Brother George Pooltney and Samuel Casperson. Brother Pooltney, bending over me, said, "Look up; there is something better for you." O, what a sense of utter helplessness came over me. My physical strength was gone and my very soul was crushed. At that moment I was ready and willing to do anything that was told me and to go anywhere in order to be saved. Trying to obey the command of that man of God, I cast my eyes toward heaven and cried out, "My God, give me freedom, or let me die." Those

words expressed the cry of my entire being. A cry which I felt, if it was not heard, and if relief did not come, surely I must die on the spot.

But I did not die except to sin. Instantly, quick as a flash from heaven, there came an answer, which reached me in the lowest depths to which I had gone. Relief came, the burden was gone, and though its weight had been increasing through years of service to sin (it crushed me and sank me in the mires of hell) yet in less than a second of time it was all gone and I felt myself standing on what seemed to me to be the threshold of heaven itself.

I sprang to my feet and jumped and shouted through the church, and out, and through the streets to my home. The first words uttered by myself in the new language I shouted again and again, "Glory to God, I am free at last;" going through the streets shouting these words, and bareheaded—for I left my hat at the church—I do not wonder that I raised a commotion. Crowds of people gathered about the door of my home to hear the new sounds from the same. They had been accustomed to hear curses and language unfit to be heard, but they had never heard praises to God and prayer in that house before.

With my wife and her boy by a former

husband, and her father and mother about me in the house, and with crowds of people about the door, I made my first prayer at my family altar. The prayer offered was not scientific in its construction, so far as rules of language were concerned, but it was the outburst in thankfulness of a heart, made new, and a cry for help that it might be kept in this way. The effects of that prayer, crooked as it was, was marvelous. The neighbors came about the house until my wife said, "They think you have gone crazy." But I told them that for the first time in my life I was clothed and in my right mind. The very cat, a pet of the house, seemed to know that something new was on hand. And why not? The dumb animal that had crouched at my coming and had only received kicks and cuffs, now seemed like a new creature in the order of creation, in its relation to me, and I suppose that my kind treatment may have suggested that I was not the same man.

But whether the neighbors knew by the new sounds coming from that home that a new man had moved in, and whether the cat knew it by the difference in the treatment received, there was one thing sure, there was one person that did know it; and that person was myself. I retired to my bed that night with an experience I never had

before. Somehow or in some way I was conscious that the awful burden of sin was gone; and that I was a child of God. Furthermore, I was conscious that I was a new creature and that the appetite for rum and tobacco was gone. I did not stop to reason then as to the improbability of this. Nobody came to me then and said "The day of miracles is past. Christ has changed. He cannot do today what he did when he was here in flesh." I did not know then that anybody that professed to believe in Christ at all entertained such a belief. I have found out since, however, that such is the case. But if they had come to me that night I would not have believed then any more than I believe them now.

When I was seeking deliverance I was told I could have it complete in Jesus Christ and I believed it that night, and more than this, I not only believed it, but I knew it. The hereditary appetite for rum, tobacco and other narcotic stimulants was cured when I met Jesus that night, and to this day I have never had a relapse. Let the world scoff at the statement if they will. Let even those who profess to be the Lord's children deny the possibility if they will, but what I know, I know why I do know. And this I know: I was a slave, but in Christ I was made free. Glory! But little sleep came to me during



the night. I arose early, and what a sense of relief there was within me. I said to my wife, "I feel this morning as though I was living in a brown-stone front, with a silver plate on the door with my name graven on it." But do you know that the old house was the same? It was I who had changed.

Before leaving my home that morning to go to my work we had our family prayer. My thought turned toward the Word of God, as containing that which I needed to know in my new life. But the fact stared me in the face that I had wasted my time in sin and that I could not read. But I said to my wife, "Bring a Bible and teach me how to read it." We turned to the fourteenth chapter of the gospel of St. John, and she began with me the lesson. After a few words of explanation it seemed to me that the word was unfolded. I had never read in my life. Had grown up in ignorance, and now there seemed to come to me an ability to grasp the meaning of this chapter. I put the words together and read it through. Just in what degree this assistance was given in a supernatural sense I do not determine. What were the powers of my mind disciplined by my contact with men and things I do not know; but now, out from under the awful blackness that had been over me, there seemed to be a play of my mental powers



that I had never known. Up to this time I did not know that it were possible for me to read words on paper so as to get the sense; but now there came a consciousness of the fact, which to me is of more value as proof in its favor than all the criticism made against it are proofs in opposition.

As I went to my work that morning it appeared to me that I was in a new world. I went forth with the truth of these words ringing in my soul, though at that time I had never heard them:

He lives, all glory to his name,  
He lives, my Savior's still the same.  
He lives! He lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my everlasting Head.  
He lives and grants me daily breath,  
He lives and I shall conquer death.  
He lives my mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.

Arriving at the shop, do you wonder that my shopmates thought me crazy? Glory after glory filled my soul as I told them of the great change that had come over me. How they gathered about me to hear this new story of what Christ had done for me!

From this time on my life was a new one. I began at once to tell the wondrous story of Christ's power to save to all that would listen to me. Whether at my work or elsewhere, day or night, this was my theme. I

soon learned that the world was no friend to help in this life, and I began to reach out after God in his fulness. Under increased light which came to me I soon saw that I would be obliged to change my work in order that I might not be compelled to work on Sunday, as had been my custom. I told my convictions to Bro. Pooltney, who had been spiritual adviser when I was seeking the Lord, and said to him that I had made up my mind to give up my work in order that I might be true to God, even though by doing so I would be compelled to live on bread and water. He said to me, "Andy, if you have to live on bread and water the Lord will sweeten the water."

I went to the master mechanic of the railroad and said to him, "I don't know how you read your Bible, but mine tells me to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and I have come to ask to be released from my Sunday work." In a few days I was notified that my work would be changed and that there would be a reduction of my wages to about one-half what I had been receiving. This position I accepted and moved my family into a two-roomed house in order that my expenses might be kept within my income. From that time on for fourteen years until I entered the evangelistic work I continued in the employ of the company and never worked a single Sunday.

Soon after changing my position I entered into the experience of entire sanctification. By the name as such I did not stop to consider it, but I did reach out after freedom from an internal strife known to myself if not to others. The inherited taste for liquor and other narcotics was gone, but there was a consciousness of an unrest from which I desired to be delivered. That deliverance I sought and obtained of the Lord Jesus by an exercise of faith in him.

Whatever may have been the experience of others, I know that in my case there was a complete radical change at the time of my conversion, and that afterward my soul cried out for deliverance from an inward unrest and that I sought it by faith in the Lord Jesus and received it in the same way, and that I have it now. Glory!

Others may profess to be the children of God by being sanctified wholly at the time of their conversion and yet have an appetite for the onions, garlic and leeks of the Egypt of this world, but my relish for those things departed when I took Christ for my sanctifier, and Hallelujah! it has never come back. Others may say they grow into it or expect to, but as for me, the more I attempted to grow into it the more I didn't grow. Others may say, "It is not to be had until death," but I was simple-hearted enough to

believe that the Lord could save me while I lived, and that I could be of more use to him if I was so saved than if I was not. And Hallelujah! I found it to be true.

Entering into this experience how my eyes began to be opened; not only as to my privilege in freedom in my own experience, but liberty in work, and also in relation to the world unsaved. I began to see that the Lord having saved me I was to help save others. Opportunities were presented to me to conduct prayer meetings in churches and homes during the week and on the Sabbath day.

Uniting with the church in which I was converted, Asbury Church, Wilmington, I was soon appointed class leader. This office I continued to fill until I entered the evangelistic work. The last class was formed largely from those formerly non-church-goers; gathered from different sections of the city, converted, formed into a class, and I was appointed their leader. During this time I also engaged in the rescue mission work. For eleven months every night in succession and three times on Sunday I conducted meetings at Holly Tree Inn. Having been licensed as an exhorter by the church of which I was a member, I conducted meetings at Silver Brook. At first the people were gathered under a tree. Great crowds of people came

to hear the simple message, which the Lord helped me to give. People were converted and afterwards organized into a class. A board of Trustees was elected. Property was purchased and afterwards deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church and a society was formed, now known as Silver Brook Church. I also conducted meetings in Wesley and Epworth Churches in the city of Wilmington, where extensive revivals were held.

In addition to this work in homes and churches I was called day and night to visit the sick and the dying. I went in response to calls to many that never attended the churches and were not known to the pastors of the same.

While thus engaged, running my engine during the day and holding meetings and visiting the sick and dying at night and on Sundays, there began to dawn on my thought that God wanted me to leave my work of running an engine and devote all my time to saving souls. By what means of when it first came I do not now recall. I turned it aside as being a temptation. But again and again did I hear what I began to believe was the voice of God calling me to special work. For a long time I kept it to myself, asking the Lord to keep me steady and not let me make a mistake. Reasoned about it and then



I would say: "Surely the Lord does not want me to leave my work and devote my life to his service when there are so many better qualified than I." But this did not satisfy me. Like a clap of thunder out of the clear sky would come the call. At last I resolved to consult my friends concerning the matter. I talked to some and wrote to others. The advice of one was the advice of all, "Don't you leave your work. If you do the people will think you have lost your mind and besides this, you will starve to death. There are college graduate preachers that are only barely making a living, and you scarcely know anything. How will you get along?" That I did not know as much about books as some other people I knew; and that there were college and other graduate preachers intellectually qualified for their work, who were not getting to be millionaires by their profession I also knew. But still the call came. At last I said, "If there is no room for me at the top of the ladder, perhaps I can find a sphere at the bottom, and if God wants me in the small places, where others do not go, and to do a work that is not being done by others, he will take care of me in that work. I grasped the truth,

My Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold  
His coffer are full—he has riches untold.

A tent or cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there!  
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King,  
I'm the child of a King,  
With Jesus my Savior  
I'm a child of a King.

I settled the matter as to the genuineness of my call from God to some special work. Whatever people might think, I believed I knew God called me to work. I said, I will go, if I die. If I do not heed the call I shall die spiritually and lose my experience.

I gave a month's notice of my intention to quit and worked it out. I drew my last month's pay and began my life of faith. From that time to this I have never wanted a thing. In my own religious life and experience there seemed to come, with my new consecration and faith, an enlargement, and with it more than a corresponding supply of divine grace, so that I have found it to be true as never before: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

As to temporal things: When I quit my work and drew my last month's pay I did not know where my next dollar to meet my family and personal expenses was coming

from. But I believed that God, who supplied the needs of the spiritual, would also furnish supplies for the material. The first I received was through the hands of a friend who met me on the street one day as I was looking for orders from heaven. He said: "Andy, how would you like to go to Mountain Lake Park camp meeting?" I answered: "I am sure the Lord wants me to be there; I have no money to pay my expenses." He put in my hand ten dollars and said, "You go." I went. That friend, Bro. Harry Webb, of Wilmington, was God's messenger opening the first door to work in my new life. From that time to this I have not been idle for the want of open doors. Day and night, winter and summer, from that camp meeting at Mountain Lake, in July 1889, I have been on the go. It was here that for the first time I related my experience, the main facts being given as related in the preceding pages of this book. It was here at this meeting that for the first time I met David B. Updegraff, who put his hands on my head and prayed that I might receive a special anointing for special work. It was here that I met Rev. John Thompson, Rev. E. I. D. Pepper and many other friends, who took me in the mightiness of their faith until, following them, I came to a place in religious experience I never knew before. Under the inspiration of all this, I went down from the top of the mountain to work. It was here

that the suggestion was first made to me that my experience put in print might magnify the grace of God by not only showing how God could take nothing and make something out of it, but also that every person that might read it might know the truth, viz.: That there is no sinner so deep dyed in sin, and this deeper dyed still hereditary taint, and all this strengthened by the force of habit, but that if he will, Jesus Christ can save him. If this shall be, I shall more than receive pay for sending forth the preceding pages, which contain an account of the dark and the bright side of my life.

There are so many people  
Who say we are too bold,  
So many, many others,  
Who say we are after gold;  
But they are quite mistaken,  
We are hardly bold enough  
To rescue poor, lost sinners,  
Those diamonds in the rough.  
The day will soon be over,  
The digging will be done;  
When no more gems we'll gather,  
So, let us still press on.  
When Jesus comes to claim us,  
And says it is enough,

One day, my precious comrades,  
You too were sunk in sin,  
When others sought your rescue,  
And Jesus took you in;  
So when you're tired and tempted  
By sinners' stern rebuff,  
Don't turn away in anger,  
They are diamonds in the rough

Then, comrades, keep it burning,  
The lamp of holy love;  
To every poor, lost sinner  
Point out the way above.  
The dying love of Jesus  
Will make you love the tough,  
Remember, please remember,  
They are diamonds in the rough.



## MY TESTIMONY

Mrs. A. J. Dolbow.

Having been frequently urged to give a brief account of my experience, both before Brother Dolbow's conversion and after, I have at last decided to do so. It is no easy task, but I hope what I shall say may show what the blessed Savior can do for a soul deep dyed in sin. If it were not for the hope of showing what God will do when he knows that a sinner is tired of living in sin, I could not write. My prayer is that my experience will help all those who wish to lead a Christian life.

Mr. Dolbow and I have been married now thirty-five years, and of course I can not, dear reader, give you much else than a brief sketch. When I first became acquainted with him, I supposed he was a good Christian man. A protracted meeting was being held in the Methodist Church in our city. My parents lived but a short distance from the church. After I was introduced to Mr. Dol-

bow, he seemed to wish my company, and would call and take me to church, prayer meeting and class meeting. My parents having been Quakers, these meetings at the Methodist Church seemed very strange to me. I had been in the habit of going to church where all was still and quiet, and where they constantly waited for some one to be moved to speak, preach, or pray. To go into a church where people sang and shouted aloud to God, seemed to me a curious way of serving him, but I continued to go with Mr. Dolbow to the meetings, and finally began to enjoy them very much.

The acquaintance thus started, soon resulted in our being married. The first Christmas after we were married, we spent at my mother-in-law's, and it was a joyous day in many respects until after dinner, when I commenced to make preparations to go home. Mr. Dolbow had gone out for a walk, and had not returned. I asked some of the folks if they had seen him. They said, "No." I went to my mother-in-law and asked her if she knew where he might be; she said she could not tell. I finally went to the house where his sisters and brother lived and asked them if they had seen him, and one of the sisters told me that he was down town in a saloon, drinking. I cannot give you any idea what a pang of distress and

agony went through my soul when I heard this. I felt as though I would die on the spot. I said, "Oh, my God, does he do such a thing as that?" His sister answered, "Yes, indeed, didn't you know that he would get intoxicated?" I replied, "I never thought of such a thing, when he said he belonged to church and was so attentive." Even on that Christmas morning he had been to early church. I said, "Oh, I cannot live with him if he continues to drink." I had never seen a beer saloon then. True, I had seen what we call taverns or inns, where people might stay over night away from home, but a saloon was to me a strange place. I did not know what to do, but finally I decided to go home to my parents that night. I no sooner made this decision when the thought came to me that he might, in a beastly state of intoxication, try to hunt for me, and I could not bear the thought of my parents seeing him in that condition, and find out the kind of a husband I had chosen. They had always liked him as a young man and seemed pleased when he showed such liking for my little four-year-old boy, whose eyes had never seen his own father, who was killed in a railroad accident. The death of my first husband had been a very grievous thing to me, for I was quite young at the time, only in my teens. Now the thought of my sec-

ond husband coming to me in such a sad condition, seemed more than I could bear. After his sister had given me directions so I could find the place where he was, I made up my mind to go and seek him out. They thought that I had too much pride to do it, but my determination was so strong that I went and entered, for the first time and the last time, a saloon. I entered just as he was about to drink a glassful of the awful dregs to torment. His eyes quickly rested upon me as I walked toward him. I said, "Don't you dare to drink that stuff; come and go home." But he insisted that I should go and he would follow me in a little while. I told him that I would not go until he went with me. The man who was handing out the drinks from behind the bar, said to him, "You had better go along with the lady."

Mr. Dolbow said, "Yes! and she is right too." The bar-tender answered him, "Then go home with her." He finally made up his mind to go with me, and when we got out on the street I saw that he could not walk straight. I felt ashamed to be seen with him in this condition, so I walked a little way ahead of him. It wounded my pride as well as my heart to see my husband in such a condition. I had often heard my father say that he would rather meet a mad dog than a man who was intoxicated, and I had al-

ways been taught to look upon drink as a terrible curse. As we passed his mother's door, I could see that he felt ashamed of himself. By this time it was dark and bitter cold, and when we reached home, he was pretty well sobered up. The next morning he was up at four o'clock and went out in the country, where he had been working on a farm. I forgave him, and fancied in my mind that it would not happen again, and while it was quite some time after that before I again saw him drunk, the time came, to my heart's sorrow, when it was a common occurrence for him to come home in that condition.

During this time he had left the farm and gotten employment with the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad. I was perfectly satisfied with my humble little home, and contented with the wages that came to us each month, and none but God ever knew the sorrow of my heart for five long years. Every pay day and every holiday I was in torment. Oh, how I did dread to see Christmas come, and all the other holidays! The mention of a circus parade or political parade in town always filled me with dread, and it seemed to me there was constantly something to make more bold and reckless in his way of living. He managed to keep his employment most of the time, and I tried



my best to make his home attractive, and to keep him with me in the evening. It was not long after we were married that I found out that he could not read or write, but had been deprived of an education through rum. I could not help but pity him, for I knew that all he could do was hard work. I had heard him say often that he had never had to hunt work in his life, and never was without it. I tried to teach him how to read and write, but he could not put his mind on it. But through it all, he was kind to my little boy, and many times would romp with him in the evening, when he was at home.

When I recall some of these things, it makes me feel grieved at writing this account, and I only do it because I believe there may be some help in it for some other poor burdened souls.

I always made it a point to have his meals ready promptly for him, but I would sit sometimes long into the night listening for his footsteps. When I did not find him home a few minutes after the whistle had blown, my heart would sink within me, and I knew it was all up. I would try to eat a little and give my boy his supper, and then clear the table, lock up the house and go up to our room. The little fellow had a beautiful cat, a wheelbarrow and a doll, and he would talk to the cat and tell it how his papa would soon

come home. It would seem to worry the little fellow when his papa did not come, although he never knew how he drank. I never let the child hear anything from my lips that would lead him to know about it, and never did anyone hear a word about it from me until after Brother Dolbow had told it on the platform, long since his conversion. My own parents died without ever knowing of the suffering that I was going through in those five years. How glad I am now that I never told them, even in my dark hours, when I seemed to be in utter despair.

There is one instance that comes to my mind especially, and I will tell you about it. **When we had been married about three years'** there was to be a great political parade in town. My husband told me to get ready, and he would take us to see it and hear the music. I remembered that night that I got his supper ready and he came home, and after eating it, he dressed himself and told me that he was going down to the corner to get a cigar, and would be back in a few minutes. I somehow felt that perhaps he would not come back to us that evening, but my little boy never suspected. I can see him now standing by the window with his hat in his hand watching for his papa to come home, until the poor little fellow was so weary that sleep overtook him. He turned to me and

said, "Mamma, do you think papa got lost? It is awful dark out. I cannot see; maybe he is lost." I put the little fellow to bed that night, and oh, how disappointed he was, but I cannot tell you of the deep agony of my own heart. I sat by the window long through the night until half-past two in the morning. I heard footsteps, but I recognized that they were not the footsteps of my husband. Two men were carrying him home for dead; his hat was gone and he was covered with blood and dirt. Oh, my God, what a pitiable sight for a wife to behold (but this is only an every-day occurrence, of which I long ago found out). I had the men carry him upstairs to bed, and I found out from them that a certain man made him fight. He was always ready to do that, but this time he had drunk so heavily before he tried to fight that he was soon beaten. After they had gone, I washed the blood away and dressed his bleeding wounds. I loved him, and oh, how tenderly I treated him that night. I pitied him, and, oh, how my heart did ache for him. He did not know how I kissed his forehead that night, but God saw it. Oh, how I prayed to God to please save him. I knew he was not fit to die, besides I wanted him even a little longer for myself. I dare say there were many wives who would have grown cold and hard under such expe-

riences as these, but I was kept from it . I had made the promise to love, honor, cherish and obey him until death should part us, and in later years I have been ten thousand times ten thousand so glad that I never allowed those years of trial to make me forget my duty. About six o'clock that morning, he awoke for the first time, and finding himself in bed and unable to lift an arm, he asked me some questions about how he came to get there, and then said, "Maggie, won't you go down and tell the foreman I am sick and cannot go to work today?" I was about as sick as he was, and did not want to go, but I did go to save him. When I told the foreman what he said, he answered, "Yes, I guess what ails him, he had too much parade. Oh, how that response stung me. During that whole week of sickness at that time, I cooked him nice dainties, and did all I could for him. I never said a word to him about disappointing me, but I told him how long the little boy had stood with so much patience and childish glee, watching every moment for him to come, but he never asked my forgiveness, and never seemed to think of doing it. This instance is only one out of many, but it will serve to show you something of the life that we led in those days.

The neighbors around us were quiet and neat people, and for fear of the noise that he

might make in trying to get in, I would sit up at night, and listen for his footsteps, and always open the door for him. After a while, this seemed to anger him, and he said he lived there and paid the rent, and he would make all the noise he chose, it was no one's business, and he would surely knock me down if I did not quit opening the door for him. He was always ready to fight me, and seemed to get mad just because I would not contradict him. Finally he would get into a rage and declare that I never cooked him any supper. Often I have cried out in agony, "Dear Lord, how long will I be compelled to live this life of misery and pain?" My pride would often make me shut myself up for days in the house. Finally I really felt I could bear it no longer, and one time, about a week before one of his paydays, I said to my husband quietly, "Well, pay day is almost here again." He looked at me and said, "Well, what of it, let it come, who cares?" Then I said, "I want to make a proposition to you; I feel that I can not live this dreadful life any longer. Whichever you love best, rum or me, you must choose between." He looked at me a moment and went out without answering a word. I did not mention it again for a few days. A couple of days before pay day he came home and sat down on the doorstep and told me he was going to



get converted. He seemed to be well nigh distracted, he could not eat nor sleep, and finally he asked me if I would go to church with him. I said, "Yes, I will go." We got ready and went to church, as he has told you in his story. On the third night after that, I really thought he would die, he had prayed and pleaded with God so constantly that I could scarcely hear him speak above a whisper. About ten-thirty on that third night, he seemed to be entirely done out, and fell back exclaiming, "Oh, God, give me freedom or let me die." Just at that instant God, for Christ's sake pardoned his sins. He leaped and shouted, and praised God for deliverance. Oh, how he shouted. I remember the preacher saying, "I do not know this young man, but if he keeps on this way he will be a preacher some day." I often think of dear Brother Stubbs, who made that remark. Well, we went home again, he without his hat. He was so happy that he did not seem to realize that he was going through the streets without a hat. You know what followed, as he has already told you in his story.

One of the first thoughts that came to me after he was converted was, will he ever go back to his old life again, but I never seemed to have any trouble over that thought. I felt that he was in God's hands, and gave

myself no trouble, for I felt that God was "able to keep that which was committed unto him," and I rejoiced. One Sunday morning soon after that while I was sitting in the congregation listening to the preacher, a strange feeling came over me. I felt as I never felt before. I had been praying and thanking God almost constantly for giving me so much rest of mind and peace of soul. I felt I was truly a child of God, and joined the church.

Time seemed to pass rapidly, and when my husband was sanctified to God, there was another decided change. He seemed so happy, so good, and so kind to me, and has been ever since, and now he is the best of husbands who walk the earth. It seems to me that since his conversion, he has been trying to make amends for all the trouble and worriment that he gave me, but I give God the glory for all he is today. See how God has taught him to read the Bible and led him out into a wide field to help to save the world; think of the thousands of precious souls that, through God's help and guidance he has been the means of leading into the different churches. It is a blessed thought to know that no matter where he is, and no matter how far he is away from me, I am content. Of course, I feel lonely at times, and often wish I had been called of God to

go out into the field and labor with him, but while the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, and we are not all called to be evangelists.

When the time came and my husband gave up his position as an engineer with a stated salary, and went out into the evangelistic field with nothing to depend on but God, I saw that it meant a lonely life for me, and for a time I felt quite bad about it, knowing that he was giving up a good position and taking up a work like this without any preparations for it. It seemed unwise from an earthly standpoint, but I believed that God would care for us. For seven years after he first went out into the field, my dear old father and I lived quietly together. How anxious father would be to hear from his "boy," as he used to call him. He took great delight in hearing of the good being done in God's name. At the close of those seven years, God saw fit to take my father home, and consequently I was left alone. This meant a breaking down of my home. I have since lived with a Christian family, and have been contented to know that my husband was in God's hands, being led entirely by him and doing his bidding. Some times, when the opportunity affords, I go along with him to some of his far distant fields. I can not begin to explain to you the peace and joy that has been mine these late years.

I shall never cease to praise God for all he has done for me, and I must say again how thankful I am that I was able to bear with all the troubles and trials of those five years without losing my temper, and never complaining to him or to anyone else. I had a grave down deep in my heart where I buried all these things, but all that was buried there, Christ has long ago resurrected and has made the crooked places straight. Praise his name forever.

Now I dare say there are thousands of cases today just as bad as mine was, for we read and hear of just such things every day, and I do trust that this brief account may bring courage and hope to some heart.

"Though I oft have been forsaken,  
Pressed with sorrow and cast down,  
But today, I feel the presence  
Of my Savior and my crown."

Dictated April 25th, 1902.

**"THE WONDERFUL NAME AND THE  
WONDERFUL SAVIOR  
SERMON**

(Bro. Dolbow's talks are almost impossible to report. They must be heard to be appreciated. We place a brief, but imperfect sketch of a sermon on the above subject.—G. W. R.)

Matthew 1:21. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Isaiah 9:6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace."

Luke 2:10, 11. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Matthew 1:23. "And they shall call his



name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, "God with us."

The names of the greatest earthly heroes fade before the matchless, boundless name of Christ. While we love to think of the great men who have laid down their lives for a nation or empire, yet they all fade before the name of Jesus, because he came not to make a big name for himself, not to save one nation or empire only, but to save a lost, ruined and imperiled world. Glory to God.

When men came around Jesus and desired to know who he was and what brought him down here, his answer was something like this:

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Jesus didn't go after the big people and the rich folks. He was no respecter of persons. He stooped down to the poor outcasts of earth. He placed them upon his shoulders and brought them home. He made heaven rejoice over the saving of the poor prodigal, over that poor boy who was lost and was found, who was dead and made alive again. Oh, he is a tremendous Savior, for

"He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me."

When I think of the wonderful salvation of

Christ Jesus I wonder people do not rise up in arms against sin in high and low places and make the mean devil run. This Savior came to get the devil out of us and to give us life more abundantly. Praise his name! He came to destroy, not to repress or keep under, or starve out, the old serpent, but he came to destroy and make a clean sweep of the works of the devil. Oh, friends, do you know that a great cloud of witnesses can testify how Jesus saves, and thousands upon earth today are singing:

“He saved a poor sinner like me.”

Friends, just think of his matchless, mighty power. The Centurion's daughter is saved from the grave, the Widow's son is given back to his mother, Lazarus is brought back to life again. Christ can save in every condition of life. Stephen, when they were stoning him to death, cried, “I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.” The dying thief cried, “Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.” Jesus heard him, and gave him answer quick, “This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”

Yes, his name shall be called Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins, their leanness and their meanness. The little girl that fell into the mud and soiled her nice white dress, did her mother whip her? No!

but took her in, washed her hands and face, put on a clean, white dress and apron. So with Jesus—if we sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous. Jesus is not a great way off when we call. We touch the button and the answer comes. He is now here to save. Oh, how many troubled hearts fly to Jesus for rest. He never leaves his children when they are in trouble, but makes a way of escape for them every time.

Look at that little child on the floor playing with dolly. The mother is upstairs doing the work. After a little while the child jumps and runs to the stairway and calls, "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling," over and over the answer comes. So, my friends, it is with Jesus, when his children are in trouble. We go to the golden stairway and call, "Jesus, are you there?" "Yes, my child. I'll never leave thee nor forsake thee." Other troubles come and again we climb the golden stairway of faith and call, "Jesus, are you there?" "Yes, my child. Lo, I am with you always!"

Look here, friends, at this thought: What would home be without a mother? What would heaven be without Jesus? Thank God though Jesus did spend three days in the grave, he didn't stay there, but arose and ascended up on high, to beautify our heavenly home. Oh, I want to see him face to face,

who saved Andy Dolbow when he was lost to everybody and to everything; when people turned against him and friends passed him by, when he was lost to home and kindred. Oh, I shall want to sit in his presence and look at him, and rejoice in him through all eternity, because he saved a wretch like me. Thank God, Jesus found me, washed me and fixed me up and made me a child of a King. I am now a child of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. These eyes shall feast on him who saves his people from their sins and saved me from my life of sin against high heaven, who saved me, a poor outcast, and makes me what I am, so that if you ask me what I am I can tell you

“I’m a hallelujah Christian.”

I’m a hallelujah Christian,

From the wilderness I came;

I’m saved, I’m sanctified, I’m healed;

All glory to his name.

I came to Jordan’s River,

The current was so strong,

I plunged right in and came straight through,

With a hallelujah song.

I came to old Jericho;

The walls were very high.

I gave a shout and down they came,

And the Canaanites did fly.

I met the giants of the land,

They were so great and tall;

I pierced them with the Word of God,  
And down they had to fall.

And now I dwell in Beulah,  
The sun shines all the time;  
I live on grapes and figs and corn,  
In a hallelujah clime.

On the highest peaks in Beulah,  
They shout both day and night ;  
They tune their harps and sing their songs,  
And that with great delight.

Come over now my brother,  
The waters will give way;  
Trust, trust in God and come right o'er,  
Into realms of perfect day.

And when the Bridegroom cometh,  
With shouts, both loud and long,  
We'll meet our Savior in the clouds,  
With a hallelujah song.

Chorus:

I'm a hallelujah Christian,  
I'm so happy all the time;  
I sing, I shout, I leap for joy,  
And, oh, it is sublime.



**SERMON PREACHED BY EVANGELIST  
DOLBOW AT MOUNTAIN LAKE  
PARK CAMP MEETING  
JULY, 1904.**

**Texts.**—Acts 3:19; Rom. 6:22.

“When I hear some men preach I feel like saying that I will never try to do it again. Then again, I hear some educated men preach, and I come to the conclusion that they have gone through such big books, that they have strained their brains so bad that they will never be any account again, so I take courage and go on.

“My education did not come from a theological standpoint, but from the Heaven route. When I consented to go into evangelistic work, after I had paid my debts, I just had God, and one dollar left. But that was enough, and I have never wanted since.

“I have two texts this morning. The first one is, ‘Repent ye therefore, and be converted.’ The second is, ‘Being now made free from sin, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.’ So you see

there is no end to the other world! When you get in, you've struck something that's endless!"

"When people ask me, 'Have you got salvation, Andy?' I always answer, 'No! it's got me!'

"People seek for sanctification who do not know what justification is. What is justification? Why, it's having peace established between you and God, and getting your name on the pay-roll of the skies!"

"I want to keep so hot that if folks undertake to 'sit down on me,' I'll scorch 'em!"

"There's a heap of difference between a light head and a head-light."

"The witness of the Spirit in our own souls would knock down the walls of any Jericho that was ever built!"

A brother told me he was going to write a book against holiness. I answered, 'It will be behind time for me, for I've got the **blessing!**'"

"There's a heap of difference between being thrilled by the Spirit, and filled with the Spirit."

"A man preached a sermon the other day, and when asked what he preached about he replied, 'About an hour and a half!' Well, I can't see any sense in running a mill for an hour and a half with nothing coming out of the spout!"

"A man asked me once how much I

would charge to come and hold a meeting for him. I told him if I wasn't worth nothing, I didn't want nothing!"

"In one place they told me that they would have me arrested if I did not stop making such a noise. I said, 'Hallelujah!' Then I'll get 'a-rest?' "

"Some folks don't like me! Well, I can't help that! May-be I don't like some folks!"

"Can God take the roots of sin out of a soul? Yes—and the dirt with them, so there won't be anything left for roots to grow in!"

"A preacher said to me not long ago, 'Now, Andy, be careful! Touch holiness light!' I knew before he got through speaking, that he had been touching it light!"

"I believe that there is a real hell, and that it has never been cooled off."

"They say 'Still water runs deep.' That's not so! Still water doesn't run at all! Anybody has sense enough to know that!"

"It was the Holy Ghost that put me under conviction, escorted me to the altar, introduced me to Jesus Christ, and made me a member of the family of God!"

Brother Dolbow told the people how he got converted and sanctified, and invited them to the altar to seek for whichever blessing they needed. Oh, how they came! The scene which followed passed all description.

Many a precious soul will date its knowledge of God to the hour when this unlettered man told the simple story of Jesus and his power to save at Mountain Lake Park, July 4th, 1904! Some superlatively wise folks may sneer at the idea of a man like this preaching the gospel; but while they are commenting, and criticising, "Andy" goes right on telling the story, and getting souls saved. May God bless him, and keep him living in this world for many years yet, as a standing proof of what the Holy Ghost can do with a man who is absolutely adandoned to him.

**The End**

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